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### ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING

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### Selected Tales.

#### AN UNHAPPY MARRIAGE;

#### —OR—

#### The Death of the First-Born.

[Translated from the French for the New York Dutchman.]

MADAME BERTHE F. THIERMICK, believed that in marrying Doctor Maurice Fraussen, our Minister of State, she had united herself to a man who sincerely loved her. It was not long, however, before she discovered that his attention had been chiefly directed to the large fortune of the wealthy woman whose hand he had obtained. She felt this disappointment keenly, but a source of consolation was ere long opened to her, and in her devotion to her first-born son, she forgot the neglect and indifference of her husband. The love of the young mother was still further augmented by a new and painful trial. The child was seized with alarming illness, and for nearly a month she endured all the tortures of suspense. By the mercy of God, however, the disease took a favorable turn, and little Maurice recovered rapidly.

The joy of Madame Fraussen, on seeing her son restored to her, was so great that it seemed to leave no room in her heart for any feeling unconnected with him. She beheld in the past only the fearful recollection of his danger; in the present, the delight of seeing him strong and robust; in the future, the fear lest his health should again fail. Bertha's whole life was passed in watchfulness over his physical welfare, or in terror, if she perceived in him the slightest symptoms of indisposition. Compelled with the cause of her present solicitude, the greatest sorrow of her past life appeared to her but as trifles altogether unworthy of interest. So long as she was under no apprehension for her little Maurice she was content; if she went out it was on his account; if she came home it was still for him. It was the one engrossing principle of her life, and rendered her completely indifferent to all besides.

While his wife, her whole heart thus filled up and by an absorbing passion, was happier than she had ever been before, M. Fraussen was tortured by political anxiety, and engaged in what appeared to be a losing struggle against powerful adversaries.

Maurice beheld the decline of his power, and with feelings of anguish almost as bitter as those which Bertha had watched by the sick bed of her son. His days were passed in disappointment, defeat and mortification, his nights were sleepless. He became gloomy and morose, and his character acquired a hardness hitherto foreign to it. His subordinates approached him in fear and trembling, and quitted him always with irritated or wounded feelings. He appeared to have lost all his former self command, and on the slightest opposition, would give way to the most undignified ebullitions of temper, while the eyes of his mind produced an uncontrollable restlessness.

Bertha, absorbed in her maternal anx-

ieties, had no suspicion of her husband's sufferings. Accustomed as she was to take no part in his affairs, she looked upon political interests as altogether beyond the sphere of a woman, and never sought to afford him any consolation under troubles which she was powerless to avert, which she did not understand, and of the importance of which she was consequently unaware. Meanwhile an anniversary recurred, which hitherto, whatever might have been his political engagements, M. Fraussen had not failed to celebrate, namely, his wife's birthday.

Early in the morning a present was brought to her consisting of a bouquet of white Camellias, which were her favorite flowers, together with a picture in a richly furnished ebony frame, and admirably executed, representing the Flemish chateau, which was the birth-place of Madame Fraussen.

Bertha recollected having one evening expressed a desire to possess a sketch of the spot connected with all the recollections of her childhood, and much touched by his attention to her wishes, she hastened to her husband's study to thank him warmly. He did not at first understand her. Neither the bouquet nor the picture was from him. He even acknowledged that he had forgotten that it was his wife's birthday.

The confession chilled Bertha's heart, and destroyed the pleasure caused by the mystic's present. From whom, then, could it come? Who could have remembered her wish, and gratified her with so much delicacy?

"But who was present when I spoke of my old chateau? There was M. De Vandruil, M. Fraussen, the Prince George and yourself. Could it be you, Maudeline?" asked she, in the evening of her friend.

M. de Mathiasen acknowledged that the bouquet and the picture came from her.

Bertha made no answer, and during the rest of the evening she appeared thoughtful and sad. This proof of affection had sunk deep into her heart, wounded by the neglect of Maurice. She could not free herself from those painful thoughts, and the whole night long she brooded sadly over the kindness of Madame de Mathiasen, and the indifference of her husband.

When she rose the next morning, however, these ideas were but too quickly dispelled. Her son appeared to be unwell. She hoped, and so did the Doctor, that was a mere trifle, which rest and a careful diet would easily set to rights. But her hopes were disappointed; far from diminishing, the ailment assumed a morose character, and the poor mother recognized, or fancied she did so, some of the symptoms of the illness with which her little Maurice had been attacked with a few months previously. She imparted her fears to the Doctor who did not share them, and to her husband who paid little heed to them. They were both accustomed to her imaginary fears on her son's account, and looked upon her gloomy forebodings as the result of exaggerated anxiety.

Bertha, reassured by their arguments and by their security, endeavored to lay aside her fears; but this she found to be impossible. It was in vain that she repeated to herself that the opinion of the celebrated physicians, and above all, that of her husband, must have more foundation than a woman's fears. The symptoms which were declared to exist only in her own imagination, appeared to her to be obvious and incontrovertible.

Two days later, M. Fraussen and the Doctor could no longer deny the illness of the child. They were alarmed, but they did not despair. Once before, Maurice had saved his boy from a similar danger, and he desired that the same means which had then proved efficacious should be again adopted. The little invalid began to exhibit manifest signs of improvement, and one morning he stretched out his arms to his mother, and for the first time in a whole week, raised his heavy head from the pillow.

While his anxiety on his child's account detained M. Fraussen from his post, his affairs were assuming a more and more alarming aspect. The Chambers had been dissolved, and the elections were to take place almost immediately. The agitation was great throughout the whole country; the different political parties had assumed an attitude of hostile opposition and nothing was heard of but pamphlets, plots and counterplots, attacks and recriminations. Being now reassured concerning the state of his son, M. Fraussen returned to the direction of affairs, resolved, as became the leader of a party, that if he fell it should be at the head of his followers.

One morning, after a sleepless night, he was gloomily reflecting upon the difficulties and dangers of his position, when Bertha's maid entered his room.

"My mistress is very unwell, sir," said she, "and I thought it was my duty to inform you of it. She sat up all last night with her child, and is very anxious and unhappy about him. Yesterday she sent me five or six times in the course of the day, to see if you were come in, and beg you to come to her. She has now fallen asleep from fatigue, and I thought it best to let you know, sir, in case you might please to take advantage of this opportunity to see the child without alarming my mistress, for the poor little thing appears to be very ill."

"You were quite right, and I am much obliged to you, Euny," replied Maurice; "I will come to my wife's room directly. Is the child awake?"

"He seems very much exhausted, sir, but he has not slept these two days. His eyes are never shut, and he keeps up a perpetual low moaning."

M. Fraussen rose to go to his wife's apartment. He had already crossed the

threshold of the anti chamber, when he heard the sound of a carriage driving at full speed into the court yard. He approached the window. A post chaise stopped at the door, and a man sprang hastily out of it. Maurice uttered an exclamation of surprise, as he recognized M. Dupont, of Bergues.

There must of necessity be some mighty reason for M. Dupont's appearance, for the worthy man was not like to undertake an expensive journey, which broke through all his habits, and removed him for a time from the provincial town which he inhabited, and never willingly quitted without sufficient cause. The minister was endeavoring to divine what could be the object of the old man's visit, when the latter burst into his study with all the eagerness of youth.

"Your excellency must return with me immediately to Bergues," exclaimed he without further preamble. "By a day, or even an hour's delay, we risk the loss of everything."

"Of everything? of what do you mean?" "Of your election!" replied the notary, whose reply was a thunder-clap to the minister.

Hitherto, whatever might have been his political anxieties, he had never dreamed that there could be a doubt on the subject of his election. He looked upon it as certain that his native town of Bergues, proud of being represented by a man of such distinction, and above all, by a minister, would re-elect him without opposition. The things imparted to him by the notary mortified him deeply. Not that he feared a defeat, but he was angry that the idea of bringing forward another candidate in opposition to him should ever have been conceived.

"And who is my opponent?" he asked in a tone of contempt.

"A formidable one, for he is an inhabitant of the place, wealthy, and possessed of considerable influence."

At this moment the maid again entered the room.

"My mistress entreats you to come to her, sir," said she.

"I am coming," replied he. Then turning impatiently to Dupont, he enquired, "and who is this wealthy and influential man?"

"M. Gabriel Rasconnet."

"Sir, my mistress is in the greatest distress, and again entreats you to come," said the maid once more.

"My son is ill," said Maurice in the notary's ear, "I am going to my wife who is in great alarm; when I have reassured her, I will return to you, and we will set out immediately for Bergues."

The notary established himself in an arm chair and M. Fraussen went to seek his wife. He found her bending over the cradle of the child, and gazing at him with a countenance of despair. The two Doctors who attended the child were standing beside her, with looks of perplexity and consternation. Agitated sobs revealed to M. Maurice the full extent of the peril.

The doctors exchanged with him glances of dismay.

"The inflammatory symptoms are assuming a very serious character," said one.

"The breathing is becoming difficult," added the other.

"The fever has increased."

"He is delirious."

Maurice laid his finger on the child's pulse and counted its throbbings. There was no hope now. Science and skill were alike powerless to arrest the progress of the disease. He endeavored to conceal his anguish, for Bertha, her eyes fixed upon his face, seemed endeavoring to read his innermost thoughts.

"You will yet be able to cure him?" cried she, in a tone of agony. "You have already saved him once, Maurice; he will owe you his life this time also, will he not?"

"He does not need my care," said he, with embarrassment. "These gentlemen," he added, turning to the Doctors, "will continue the treatment which they have pursued so skillfully."

She turned upon him a look of astonishment and dismay.

"You will not leave our child, you will not leave me, Maurice? If you go away it seems as if you would take with you my boy's life. When you are here, I can feel calm and hopeful, but in your absence I can feel nothing but terror."

"That is mere superstition," said he, endeavoring to force a smile.

"No matter, do not leave me, Maurice; you have saved him once, and I feel that the same happiness is reserved for you this time also."

Maurice hesitated, not knowing what to do, when M. Dupont's powdered head and keen countenance appeared at the door. He made a sign to M. Fraussen to lose no time.

"You will stay, will you not? Oh, thanks, thanks. If you knew what I suffer alone here, without any one to comfort me, watching my child, perhaps, on his deathbed! Maurice, your presence gives me strength."

"Maurice! Maurice! stay! I will not let you go till you have sworn to me upon your honor not to abandon my son. For the sake of your child have pity upon me!"

M. Dupont glided behind the minister.

"Time presses," whispered he; "every moment costs us a vote."

Maurice pressed his lips to the forehead of his wife.

"I shall soon come back," said he. The notary made his escape. She rose and placed herself in front of the door.

"You shall not go," said she, "or if you do, you must first trample under foot a despairing woman, the mother of your dying child. She has no hope but in you; and would you forsake your son?"

"I have no need of any one to teach me my duty," said M. Fraussen, harshly, for he was disgusted at his own meanness; and being angry with himself, sought, as is too often the case, to find cause of anger with another, in order to escape from the reproaches of his own conscience. "If I acknowledged the necessity of remaining with the child, do you suppose it would be needful for you to urge it upon me? My assistance is useless here; urgent calls summon me elsewhere, and lobby them."

"You shall not go!" cried Bertha, scarce knowing what she said, and clinging to her husband.

He sought to put her aside. "No! no stay! stay!"

He disengaged himself from her hold, not without some violence, thrust her aside, closed the door behind, and hastened to rejoin the notary, to take his place beside him in the west-chaise, and to call to the postillion to drive on as fast as his horses could gallop.

"Oh, sir stop! my mistress has fainted away," cried the voice of the terrified maid from the window of Bertha's room. But the sound of her voice was drowned by the rattling of the wheels; the minister did not hear it and M. Dupont, who did, took care to say nothing on the subject to his companion.

When Bertha saw her husband forsake her and his child, when he thrust her so unfeelingly aside in order to follow Dupont, and sacrifice his duty to his family to the calls of ambition, she went and resumed her place in silence, by the cradle of her son. She felt and understood from that moment that it was all over with the poor little child, and that she must try aside every shadow of hope. The countenances of the physicians, during the visits which they paid every half hour to the little sufferer, confirmed her in this terrible conviction. Bertha no longer questioned them, no longer implored them to save her child. With feelings of anguish, which words are inadequate to describe, she waited there in silence. How fearful for a mother thus to await the death of her child! Her eyes fixed upon the countenance once so bright and joyous to watch the gradual extinction of life. Poor little fellow! his lips were parched, the breath rattled in his throat, his features were stiffening beneath the cold grasp of death. The physician no longer attempted to afford relief, as was useless now—they gazed with compassion upon the mournful scene, and withdrew without uttering a word.

The child's breathing became fainter and fainter, until at length complete silence reigned in the room. His mother bending over him could scarcely detect, at intervals, an almost imperceptible breath upon her cheek, which proved to her that the struggle was not yet over.

At length she felt nothing more. She sank down upon her knees, clasping her hands in almost delirious agony.

When she was raised from the ground, a covering had been drawn over the corpse, and two persons were kneeling and praying beside her. They were Madame de Mathiasen and her husband.

She exchanged a rapid glance with them, and then turning to the cradle, raised the veil which concealed the corpse and stood mournfully contemplating it in a silence unbroken by her friends, from which the servants had respectfully withdrawn.

Suddenly she appeared to awake as if from a painful dream.

"He is now dead! surely he is not dead!" she murmured. "I must be sleeping,—tormented by a fearful dream. My child! my son! surely God cannot have taken him from me. He would not take a child from his mother!"

She took the little corpse in her arms, laid it on her lap, and began rocking it gently. The child's limbs were already stiffening, and its extremities had become icy cold.

"He does not move," cried she; "he is cold! he is dead! he is dead!"

M. de Mathiasen and his wife endeavored to take from her the remains, and to remove her away from a sight so painful. But she resisted all their efforts, and remained where she was.

"He is dead! and his father might have saved him, as he had already done once before. He is dead! and it was his father who trampled him under foot; he forsook him without hesitation. His power, his position, or I know not what was at stake! and what mattered it if the child died? What are a mother and a child when compared to interests of such magnitude? What is a despairing woman, who, on her knees implores the life of her child from him who holds it in his power? She is thrust unfeelingly aside and he departs. He leaves her alone to watch the death-agony of her child, and it dies! Look here! look here, and behold the work of a husband and a father! A corpse!"

"A curse upon him!" exclaimed M. de Mathiasen whose wife strove to silence him by placing her hand upon his lips.

"Suffer your husband to speak," cried Bertha; "he but expresses my own feelings."

continued she, laying her hand upon the head of her child. "Standing by the corpse of my son, I implore the vengeance of God upon his crime—it cannot remain unpunished. If the law cannot reach it, eternal justice has its judgments, and the world its doom for the infamously. For myself, I will never again behold the murderer of my boy."

"For God's sake do not listen to the counsels of your despair," pleaded M. de Mathiasen.

She replied by a smile—by such a smile.

"I have no child now—I have no husband—I am alone in the world!"

Marceline lighted a taper and placed it beside the little bed. M. de Mathiasen placed a golden crucifix on the breast of the child. Then all three knelt around it, and thus the night wore away.

At break of day Bertha rose from her knees and went to the window, which she opened. The fresh morning air, laden with the sweet odors of spring, entered the chamber of death, and a little bird began to sing cheerily. Bertha drew the cradle close to the window and fixed a gaze of painful intensity upon her child. He seemed to be sleeping sweetly. She fastened his prettiest clothes and began to deck him with them. Marceline gathered some flowers in the conservatory, and returned with a crown of white roses, which she placed on the head of the little corpse, whose angel spirit had been recalled to heaven.

M. de Mathiasen brought from the adjoining room an ebony coffin, lined with white satin. Bertha looked at him with a bewildered expression, but not a tear moistened her burning eyelids. She laid the child in the coffin and strewed around him the flowers which Marceline had brought together with the crown. Then she chose from amongst his playthings those that had been his favorites, and laid them at his feet. This done, she sat down beside the coffin and remained in a kind of stupor until the approaching footsteps of the priest were heard in the courtyard and entrance-hall. She shuddered, rose, and stretched out her arms towards the coffin, while she strove to utter some words which her white lips seemed unable to frame. God at length took pity upon her, and she sank down on the floor.

When Madame de Mathiasen came to her assistance her husband placed a lace veil over the child's remains, closed the lid of the coffin, screwed it down, and taking it in his arms, delivered it to the priest.

When he returned Madame Fraussen was beginning to recover; she looked with astonishment upon those around her, and appeared to have forgotten everything until her gaze rested upon the empty cradle of her son. Then she recollected the truth, her heart sank within her, and she again fainted away.

After three days M. Fraussen returned. All his ambitious hopes had been defeated. "My wife! my child! where are they?" asked he anxiously.

"God has had mercy upon her," replied Madame de Mathiasen, who was kneeling in tears beside Bertha's bed; "He has reunited the mother to her child."

It is said that in the asylum at Charonton is a nun, who believes herself to be prime minister, and who is constantly crying aloud for his wife and child.

He tells his name to no one.

From the Olive Branch.

### Love and Duty.

The Moon looked down on no fairer sight than Effie May as she lay sleeping on her little couch that fair summer night; so thought her mother as she gently glided in to give her a silent good night blessing. The bright flush of youth, health and hope was on her cheek, the long dark hair lay unbound in masses about her neck and shoulders; now a smile plays upon the red lips, and the mother bends low to catch the indistinct murmur. She starts at the whispered name as if a serpent hand had stung her, and as the little snow hand is tossed restlessly upon the coverlet, she sees glittering in the moonbeams on that childish finger, the golden signet of betrothal. Sleep sought in vain to woo the eyes of the mother that night. Reproachfully she asked herself, how could I have been so blind? (but then Effie had seemed to me only a child!) but *him!* Oh, no, the *win-cup* will be my child's rival; oh, no, it *must* not be. Effie was wild, and her mother knew she must be cautiously dealt with; but she knew that no mother need despair who possesses the confidence and affections of her child.

Effie's violet eyes were open to greet the first ray of the morning sun as he peeped into her little room. She stood at the little mirror, trying with those small hands, to gather up the rich tresses that seemed so impatient of confinement. How could she fail to know that she was *fair?* she read in every face she met; but *was one*, (and she was hastening to meet him) whose eye had noted with a lover's pride every shining ringlet, and azure vein and flitting blush; his words were soft and low, and skillfully chosen; and so she tied with a careless grace the little straw hat under her dimpled chin, and fresh and sweet as the daisy that bent beneath her foot, she tripped lightly on to the old trying place by the willows.

Stay! a hand is lightly laid upon her arm, and the pleading voice of a mother glances thus life, arrests that springing

"Effie, dear, sit down with me on this old cherry seat; give up your walk for this morning; I slept but indifferently last night, and morning finds me languid and depressed."

A shadow passed over Effie's face, the little cherry lips pouted, and a rebellious feeling was at her heart, but one look at her mother's pale face decided her, and putting the strings of her hat, she leaned her head caressingly upon her mother's shoulder.

"You are ill, dear mother, you are troubled," and she looked enquiringly up into her face.

"Listen to me, Effie, I have a story to tell you of myself. When I was about your age I formed an acquaintance with a young man by the name of Adolph. He had been but a short time in the village, but long enough to win the hearts of half the young girls from their rustic admirers. Handsome, frank and social, he found himself everywhere a favorite. He would sit by me hours, reading our favorite authors and side by side we rambled through all the lovely paths in which our village abounded. My parents knew nothing of his acquaintance, and I was equally charmed as myself with his cultivated refinement of manner, and the indefinable charm with which he invested every topic, grave or gay, which it suited his mood to discuss. Before I knew it, my heart was no longer in my own keeping. One afternoon he called to accompany me upon a little excursion we had planned together. As he came up the gravel walk I noticed his fine hair was in disorder, but a pang keen as death, shot through my heart, when he approached me with *rolling unsteady steps*, and stammering tongue. I could not speak; but the chill of death gathered round my heart, and I fainted. When I recovered, he was gone, and my mother's face was bending over me, moist with tears. Her woman's heart knew what was passing in mine. She pressed her lips to my forehead and only said, "God strengthen you to choose the right, my child."

I could not look upon her sorrowful eyes or the pleading face of my gray-haired father, and trust myself again to the witchery of that voice and smile. A letter came to me; I dared not read it. Alas! my heart pleaded too eloquently *even then*, for his return. I returned it unopened; my father and mother devoted themselves to lighten the load that lay upon my heart, but the perfume of a flower, a remembered strain of music, a struggling moonbeam, would bring back old memories with a crushing bitterness that swept all before it for the moment. But my father's aged hand lingered on my head with a blessing, and my mother's voice had the sweetness of an angel's, as it fell upon my ear.

Time passed on, and I conquered myself. Your father saw me, and proposed for my hand; my parents left me free to choose, and Effie, dear, *are we not happy?*

"Oh, mother," said Effie, (then looking sorrowfully in her face) "did you never see Adolph again?"

"Do you remember, my child, the summer evening we sat upon the piazza, when a dusty, travel-stained man came up the steps and asked for a 'supper.' Do you recollect his bloated, disfigured face? Effie, that was Adolph!"

"Not that wreck of a man, mother," said Effie, (covering her eyes with her hands to shut him out from her sight.)

"Yes, that was all that remained of that glorious intellect, and that form made after God's own image. I looked round upon you noble father—then—upon him, and (taking Effie's little hand and pointing to the ring that encircled it) "in your ear, my daughter, I now breathe my mother's prayer for me—*God help you to choose the right!*"

The bright head of Effie sank upon her mother's breast, and with a gust of tears, she drew the golden circlet from her fingers, and placed it in her mother's hand.

"God bless you, my child," said the happy mother, as she led her back to their quiet home.

Fanny Fern.

THE WIT OF A GERMAN LAWYER.—There are many stratagems in love, and as many, it may well be said, in law or law. We have heard oftentimes how the stratagems of love have outwitted parental vigilance, but we never heard of a case where laws so effectually aided Hymen as related in a Bavarian journal. The translation may not be so good as Dr. Kraister might give, but runs to the effect that a young man of Nuremberg, who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where was a handsome daughter who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all.

"No," replied he.

"Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose if he would give you twenty thousand dollars for it?"

"Not for the world."

"Tis well," replied the lawyer, "I had a reason for asking."

The next time he saw the girl's father, he said:

"I have inquired about this man's circumstances. He has, indeed, no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered and refused twenty thousand dollars."

This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

### Sunday Reading.

From the Olive Branch.

#### Mother, Home and Heaven.

WHAT NAMES are there on earth more musical than these three? What can be sweeter than that of *mother*? How many associations cluster around the heart at the mention of that word? Even hard-hearted warriors have been seen to weep on hearing it casually spoken. All the joys, sorrows and perplexities of our earlier years are connected with her. We can hardly recall an event of our childhood, but which brings with it either her reproving glance or an encouraging smile. Nothing gave us more pain when we had done some rash thoughtless deed, than the sight of her sad look. Many reprofs or lectures might have hardened our hearts, whereas her troubled look spoke volumes, and made a *lasting* impression. Then we resolved to do nothing to displease her.—Perfectly happy were we, when after performing some act of self-denial, we met her fond approving smile. And in later years, when we are in doubt, to whom do we go for counsel, but to our mother!—For we feel that she never will advise us wrongly, and if we follow her counsels, it will be hardly possible to err. In joy ever ready to sympathize. In sorrow to comfort and console us. *How strong and enduring* is the love of a mother! Her heart is ready to break as she sees her child torn from her by the "grim monster, Death," and borne to the tomb. Her anguish cannot be described. Then the world seems dark and dreary to her, and she feels that she has nothing left to live for.

A son may be attacked by some contagious disease; his friends have all forsaken him but one; *she*, all forgetful of self, stands ever near his couch, to administer the cooling draught, and bathe the heated brow. Fearless and undaunted, she is willing to face *death* if by so doing he be spared to her. Who would do this but a mother? He may become degraded and scorned by the world, and he would be left alone, the most wretched being in the universe, but for one to whom he can fly; she is ever ready to receive him. No sacrifice is too great, if it would win him back to the paths of virtue, and cause him to become a man.

What a blessing, then, is a good mother! How much we owe to her! Every passion that we have subdued, every virtue we may possess, we must attribute to her watchfulness and care. Think you we can repay her? It is a debt that were we to live a hundred years, we could never ever cancel.

In the formation of our character, whether good or evil, outward circumstances exert a painful influence. In early childhood, the mind is more susceptible than when more advanced in years. Therefore, the first impressions the mind receives, indelibly remain. An aged person remembers every act of his childhood, but the occurrences of yesterday passed from his mind as soon as they happened. We form in youth, in a great measure our character; in the boom of home, and with kind parents to guide our unwary steps. Although a son may rove far from his native land, yet he will never forget the light of home there will strengthen him to resist the voice of the siren. When temptation assails him, a voice soft and sweet, like his mother's, sounds in his ears. Her fond imploring glances rises before him, and he brushes the evil thought from his heart. He thinks of *home*, recalls his father, mother, brothers and sisters, and their many acts of kindness for him, and he breathes a vow that he will never do aught to grieve them.

When one of the family circle returns after a long absence, how joyously he is greeted. Then home seems dearer than ever to him. How pleasant are family gatherings! Let us imagine for a moment one of those merry meetings of "kindred." The fun loving Harry never ceases to joke the quiet and dignified Herbert, who has come from the city, over the size of his collar, the cut of his coat, or his patent leather gaiters. Harry wears his collar a *la Byron*, and never spends a thought upon dress. Herbert cannot say a word in defence of himself, while Harry, having the field entirely to himself, improves it, much to the amusement of